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Composition

Fiction

I had to thread my way through the thick vegetation and plod for hours along those endless paths towards the top. I was at about three hundred meters above sea level. I felt like a giant looming over the world below. Everything seemed immense, vulnerable. I looked down into the valley far down. It was a mountainous landscape, a chain of rugged snow-capped mountaintops. Between them, there was a light-blue and green lake, on which a patch of blue sky was reflected. The high land was also reflected on the greenness of the lake, which in turn, matched the green vegetation on the mountainsides.

The sky was awfully blue, with patches of clouds, the imposing skyline dominated by the mountain chain.

A thread of water ran fast, anxious to reach the vastness of the lake. I could almost hear the water gurgling until it finally fell with a splash.

Eagles soared from one peak to another, contouring the tops of the mountains, spreading their wide open wings as if embracing the breathtaking scene.

The watercolours, created in me an ambivalent sensation of inner peace mingled with loneliness and emptiness.

I could smell the pleasant aroma of wild roses, the bushes were so thick with flowers that their scent was almost overpowering. I breathed in deeply, inhaling the fragrance of wild herbs and shrubs. The sweet-smelling pine trees filled my mind and body with coolness.

All that could be heard was the whistling sound of the mild, warm wind, which echoed through the valley. If I had flung a stone into the air, I would have heard it plop into the lake.

On the sky, there was a white angel cloud stretching its hand towards a red faced rock willing to escape from the stiffness that had condemned it for life.

I did not realize I had been standing there for quite some time, gazing and admiring the best natural scenery I had ever seen in my life.

